

## Realm of Shadows by Turn\_of\_the\_Sonic\_Screw

**Series:** [AU Yeah August 2018 \[6\]](#)

**Category:** Harry Potter - J. K. Rowling, Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Alternate Universe - Hogwarts, Canon-Typical Violence, Multi

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Fawkes (Harry Potter), Lucas Sinclair, Martin Brenner, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Will Byers/Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler

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**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

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**Summary:**

Will Byers goes missing as rumors spread about the Chamber of Secrets, and the horrible monster contained within. A young witch appears, having been magically preserved since the construction of Hogwarts Castle, the only clue to her identity the number eleven, tattooed on her wrist. And, Merlin help him, Mike Wheeler loves them both.

## Realm of Shadows

### Author's Note:

Beta by imaginary\_golux

Also, this is my first work in this fandom!

“Professor Brenner? What are you doing here?” Dustin was genuinely confused. After they had gone to all that trouble to figure out that the monster in the Chamber of Secrets was a demogorgon, that their new friend El had been placed there in a magical teaching coma by Salazar Slytherin himself hundreds of years ago, and that their old friend Will had been taken there by the Demogorgon, they hadn’t expected to see a professor there.

“In our own ways, I suspect that I’m here for the same thing as you.” His laugh was grim and humorless as El moved to stand behind Mike. “I’m here for the monster.”

“Bad,” El whispered in Mike’s ear. “Bad man.”

“That was all the warning they got before Professor Brenner drew his wand, stunning Dustin before Lucas knocked the wand from his hand with his wrist rocket. “You think you can stop me with that child’s toy?” he snarled at them, snatching up Dustin’s wand. Dustin’s damaged wand, Mike remembered. “Pity none of you will be allowed to remember what happened here. A dreadful shame: four promising young students coming face to face with a monster and losing their minds. *Obliviate!*”

Mike’s eyes shut at once, then reopened after a second as he realized that: one, his memories were still intact, and two, that his hand had closed around El’s.

Dustin’s wand smoked and sparked in Professor Brenner’s hand before a misshapen orb of gray light shot from the tip directly to Brenner’s forehead. He blinked. “I’m terribly sorry, but do you know where I am?”

“The spell must have rebounded on him,” Mike burst out excitedly before they rushed to check on Dustin.

“Breathing okay,” Lucas confirmed. “I’ll stay here with these two and get help; you guys find Will.”

“Who’s Will?” Brenner asked, still dazed. “Who am I?”

“Monster,” El hissed, and spat in his eye before opening the passage to the Chamber of Secrets. Once they were at the bottom of the passageway, she turned to Mike. “Monster?”

“N-no!” he reassured her hurriedly. “Definitely not a monster. Friend. Maybe...more than friend.”

“More than friend? Like Will?”

“Yeah,” Mike whispered, far more quietly than warranted by their current circumstances. “Like Will.” They might both die down here, he reasoned. And he owed it to Will to at least tell someone how he felt about him.

“Good,” El replied, and he could sense her smiling in the darkness. “This way.”

The corridor meandered down through dank, slimy corridors, dimly lit with guttering torches. The air seemed to be filled with tiny floating specks, and it stung to breathe. Wrapping a handkerchief over their mouths seemed to help, and they each took a torch from the wall.

“Will!” Mike gasped as he saw the smaller boy, wrapped in some kind of tentacles, including one down his mouth. “We have to help him out of there.”

So intent were they on Will’s prone form that neither one noticed a flicker in the shadows. The Demogorgon pounced, knocking them away from Will.

“Mike!” El screamed, brandishing her torch.

“It doesn’t like fire,” Mike coughed out, wet with blood.

*"Incendio!"* El screamed, again and again. Balls of fire caromed off the slick stones of the chamber, some striking true, causing the monster to shriek with pain. Mike groaned as he crawled over to Will. Then, above the din came an even higher cry.

"Fawkes?" Mike asked, just as the phoenix flew into the room, flames in his wake, driving the Demogorgon back. Clutched in his talons was the Sorting Hat, which he dropped in front of El.

Mike watched as she reached inside the hat and pulled out a beautiful sword, gleaming silver in the torchlight and set with rubies. He prayed he wasn't hallucinating as he watched El charge the Demogorgon like a Fury, the sword flashing in her hands as the beast leapt at her, its mouth petaled out like some horrific flower. Fawkes settled on him and Will, his tears landing on their wounds, healing them as the grisly sound of steel carving into flesh echoed through the chamber.

When he and Will could stand leaning against each other, they dragged themselves over to El, breathing hard over the Demogorgon's corpse. "Will! Mike!"

"You're alive," Mike gasped, pulling her into their half-embrace. "We made it," he gasped, and he pressed a kiss to each of their slimy cheeks. He was almost too exhausted to feel happy. But somehow, he did anyway.

### **Author's Note:**

Bearing in mind that I would totally accept the party as being all Ravenclaws or all Hufflepuffs or all Gryffindors, I would go with the following:

Dustin, Max, Ravenclaw

Will, Jonathan, El, Gryffindor

Mike, Steve, Hufflepuff

Lucas, Nancy, Slytherin